So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
A flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
Of bloody ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayd thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred friends ſhould dwell vpon
God giue leiſure of theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.
Rich, Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap:
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow:
When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more goodnight kind Lords, and Gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with heauy fall,
The vſurping helmet of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſticement:
That we may praiſe thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me ſtill,

Enter the ghoſt of Prince Edward, ſonne to Henry the 6,
Ghoſt to K. *Ric.* Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow,
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: diſpaire and dye.
To *Rich*. Be chearefull *Richmond*, for the wronged ſoules
Of

Of butchered Princes fight in
King *Henries* iſſue *Richmond*
Enter the Ghoſt of
Ghoſt to K. *Richard*. When
By thee was punched full of
Thinke on the Tower, and me;
Harry the ſixt bids thee deſpa
To Rich. Vertuous and holy,
Harry that Propheſied thou
Doth comfort thee in thy ſlee
Enter the Ghoſt
Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauy on th
I that was waſht to death wi
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile b
To morrow in the battell th
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword,
To Rich. Thou off-ſpring of th
The wronged heires of *Yorke*
Good Angels guard thy batte
Enter the Ghoſt of Riuer
Riu. Let me ſit heauy on thy
Riuers, that died at *Pomfret*, d
Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, an
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaugh*
Let fall thy launce, deſpaire an
All to *Rich*. Awake and thinke
Will conquer him, awake and
Enter the Ghoſt of L
Ghoſt. Bloody and guilty, gui
And in a bloody battell end t
Thinke on Lord *Haſtings* diſp
To Rich. Quiet vntroubled ſ
Arme, fight and conquer for fa
Enter the Ghoſt of tw
Ghoſt. Dreame on, thy couſins
Let vs be layd within thy boſ
And Weigh thee downe to ru
Thy Nephews ſoules bid thee
To *Ri*. Sleepe *Richmond* ſleep

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE Richard III (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37